

Woodman, Spare That Tree - song lyrics

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WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree, touch not a single bough.
in youth it shelter'd me and I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand that placed it near his cot-
There, woodman, let it stand, thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea-and would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke, cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak, now towering to the skies.

when but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade-
in all their gushing joy, here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kiss'd me here-my father press'd my hand-
Forgive this foolish tear, but let the old oak stand.

My heartstrings 'round thee cling, close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild birds sing, and still thy branches bend;
Old tree, the storms still brave-and, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save, thy axe shall harm it not.